Morning

Star

2006

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Morning Star 2005-2006

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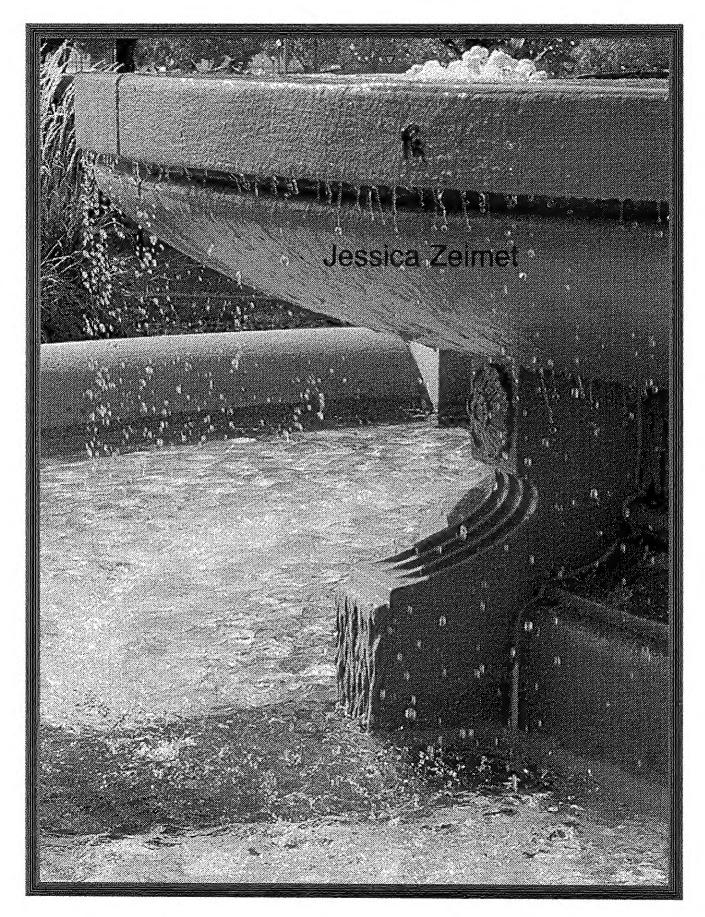
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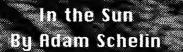
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What happens in the afternoon of a mid-July day?
The sun drones a drowsy syncopated tone,
Shining in yellow, with lining of gold.
Coming from the sun's creation,
In the boundless region of the sun,
The sun delivers me a message, Summer sent,
As I lay aloft a raft in my pool.
The sun sends me into a lackadaisical slumber,
I slept like an aggregate mass.
I felt as though I was basking in the Euphrates when the dawns were young,
When I recognized the beauty that is the lethargic afternoon,
All eager mouthed I kissed the mouth of Summer.
After which I came to a realization.
The pool of life is deep, unless you float away to sleep, in the Shallow end.

KYLEY FENTRESS

New, New Orleans **By Matt Mever**

Remember, old New Orleans was fun, used to party

New Orleans soul, grown deep like the Gulf. crushed by Katrina's unmerciful rampage. Katrina brings rest and sorrow to a lively city The WATER came down and stayed displacing families across the U.S.

A normal house, left infected and ruined Beneath the muck, into the heart of New Orleans many still lay

Many stayed through good and bad times They need you to not accept what they have left and help restore the area to make it livable again For they hit rock bottom on the bayou

The small strides of each individual scripps will lead to giant leaps for

Cause there ain't a thing that we call! do With the hands of good-will across the nation,

rebuilding will be done
Appeal to the government! Which appeals in turn!
Where is the government funding?

Where is the sink of the city there is the city the city of the ci

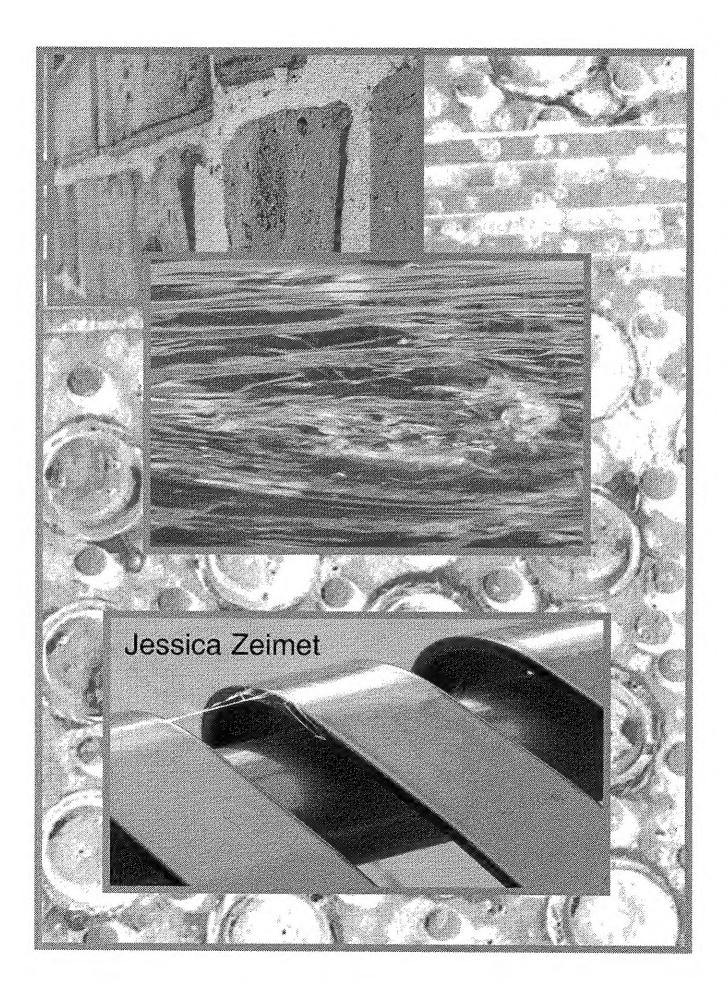
Kalting damaged the city but not the soul. The soul of the New Orleans will bring the people

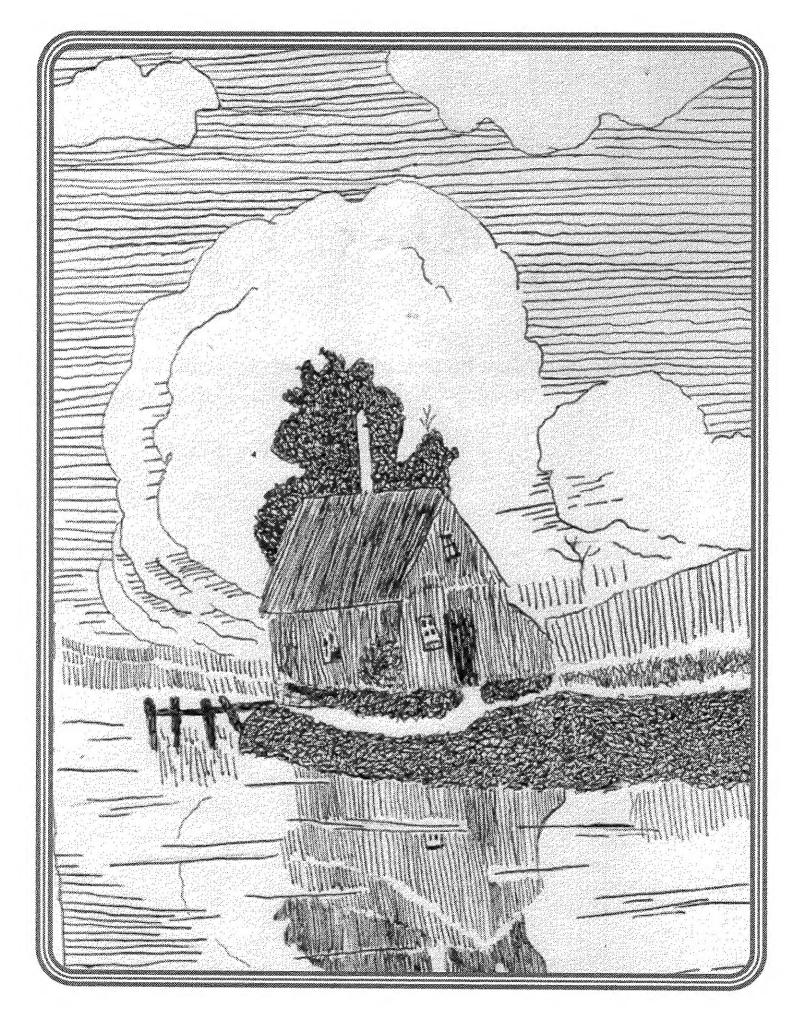
In great spirits. New Orleans will be alive and unbeat again

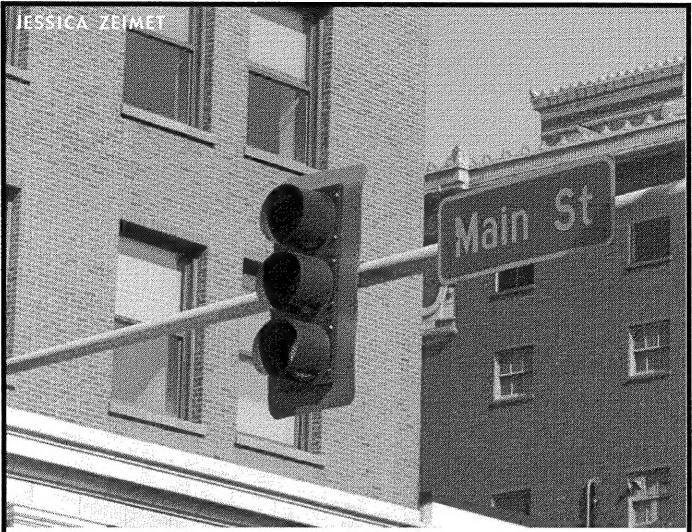
The New Constitution of the Ne

The Breamer Donnie Donnies

All the ofeanes in the original The way livings use to be Employees in income the first and the first an Your mind neglec to scatter Memories the entirescent that food contains about side Searching for the answer. It standblue on the question Less mode the country. Scorping to a con-Caught incide a proof Built within your mipd. Walking missign the darkers Heading to the light. Mine filled with blankness. Yer eyes files with from Reaction so a band. Nowhere left to stray. Knowing where you stand. With nothing left to say. You awaken from a dream. Body drenched with sweet. Not wanting to believe ... Yet not able to forget...







Home is Where the Heart Is By: Beau Dexter

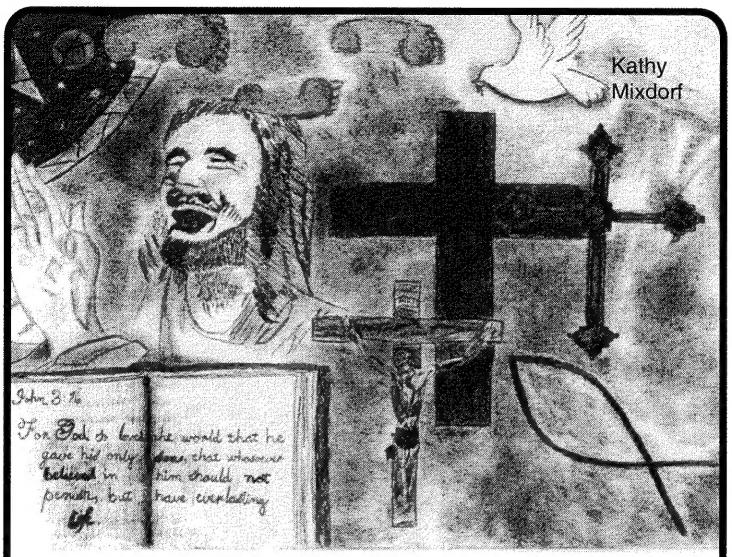
Dear Home you concern me. Our acquaintance is unsteady
I am not yet what I am, no one knows or understands
Pain comes and goes those days without are unique
The reality I cannot broaden or thrust
to turn my ability above or beyond

When we can love who will teach us to hate again
The substance of all my days that have gone by ripens in the void of my head
Should you continue on and I follow along to walk the path alone
Every dawn I wake up in hopes to splash the cobwebs from my eyes
Let those not with us know but the living soon reveal
The horizon knew my way and revealed a million rays home
you can always go home

When mother nature destroys your harvest proceed onward You can always go home

Grandfather looks to me, I look to my grandfather. And waiting without speech, trade smiles.

You can always go home
Into the River Valley the river flows
And as the river flows it points in the direction, home



Power of God Steve Merrick

Magnificent writings of ancient ink Describe the time-honored scenes of the past These are words as ancient as the hills However, an enemy dares to oppose this power. The boisterous brutish beat The beast gives no shelter, sin gives no relief He wants the world to end in fire But with glorious brilliance The book of an ancient time prevails It will shine out, like gleaming from armor of old And the godly angels move in tracks of glowing white On a continuous quest to stop the beast and help those in need They pass like the wind from land to land Where they walk there is no time nor space Still the words will always answer, and their echo ring Man does not see these heroes, but their presence is strongly felt Always a glimmering hope against hell□s fire

Valley of Shadows

Ву

James Nebinger

With the might fo the father behind me, The light of the spirit beside me. The humbleness of the son before me. I will walk through the shadow without fright, The darkness will shatter when I come to fight, The hordes of evil are afoot.... Covering the land black lrike soot, I walk forward toward the evil heart, That is when they start. They come froward wave after wave, Ready to send me to my grave, Then they stop marching in all their evil glamour, When they see all God's believers flocking to his banner, I hold his banner high and proud, They gather 'round me in a crowd. We form rank after rank. With the holy trio guarding our flank, The tempter swings his sword of temptation. I parry the blow with the sword of God's redemption, Here comes the cavalry charge, We've routed the devil and caught him at large.

The Leader of the Herd by: Amy Maxwell

The leader of the herd swiftly swaggers by
Head held up, looking pleasing to the eye
But under the arrogance lies a loathing for all others
Kindly though she is to their face, behind their backs she
hates

And to some she is not even kind Scorning them from front and hind As if they were but lowly peasants Earning only her disdain

To a few she seems compassionate
But they are simply used as an informant
If no gossip can be supplied
They too, are ignored

Until everyone realizes
How hurtful her despise is
And that her favor never remains
That everyone is eventually cast away

And oh how great that day truly be When she finally turns to see that she no longer really is The leader of the herd

Accepting a Friend by: Allison Gehrls

You accepted my friendship again. Accepting what was, and forgiving As tears streamed down our faces, That night we thought of our friendship. We searched through our hearts, Suddenly we'd found what had truly been lost, And could not reject nor rejoice the feeling. Everyone around knew of our friendship. They all doubted our survival apart, full distrusting us to make our lives more complicated. From the songs that through us played, We created multiple hopes and dreams. Or wishes, rarely thought, again redeemed. Nowwe know Friendship is friendship, not easily kept



My Scars By Danielle Bunce

My scars are memories that I will never forget You people think my scars are ugly but I will disagree You ask do I regret them But some were not purposely I tell you that I regret a lot but I do not regret my scars Some were caused by laughter Some were caused by tears Some were caused by falling Some were caused by fears I do not regret my scars and I feel I never will You may ask about my scars but don't you dare assume My scars are like my heart My heart is just a wound

A Very Clever Title By Alicia Hendrix

I am everything and nothing at all once-Like the wind that whips and curls Shifting and moving to beat after the In unsteady rhythms

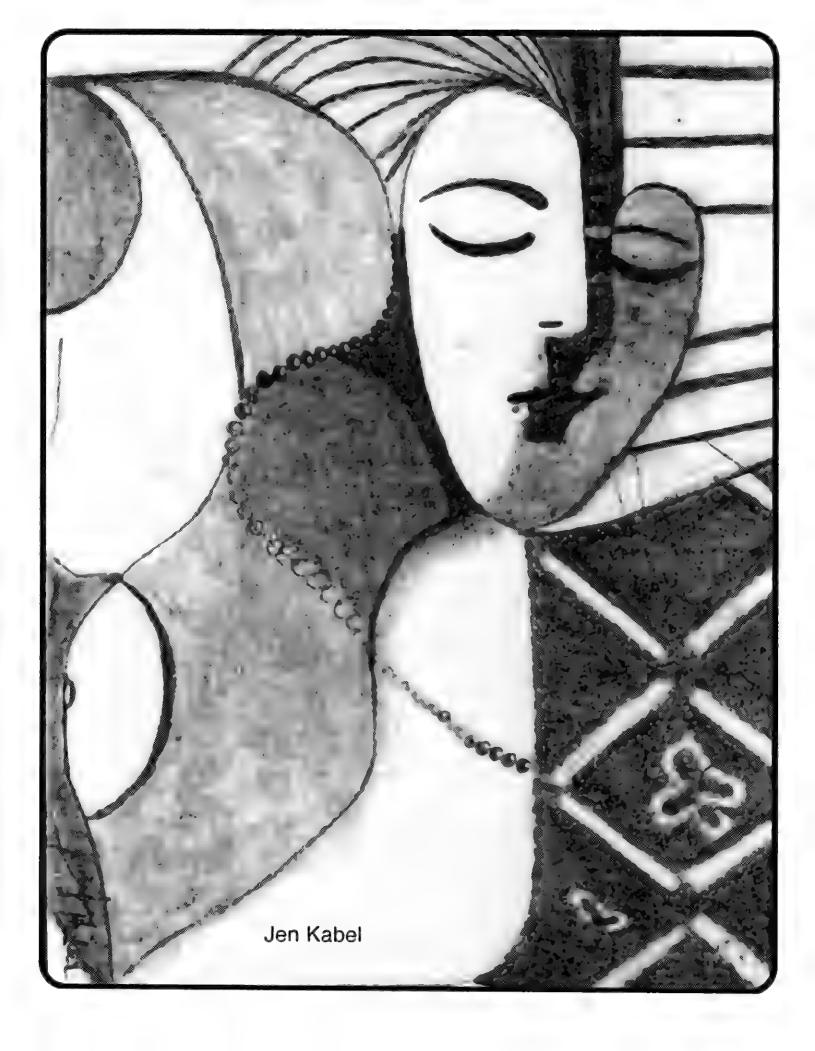
My head drifts in and out of thick clouds
Ghosts of glory float around and through
My eyes- trying to mystify- astound me
A brush of reality whips and curls its
Ugly tentacle around my head
With false but inevitable stories- promise

I strive to be above and aloneThe crowds that invade my time.
And effect breath and body- eyes fill with faces
Away-away-drifting back-holding backBehind or in front- never in the middle

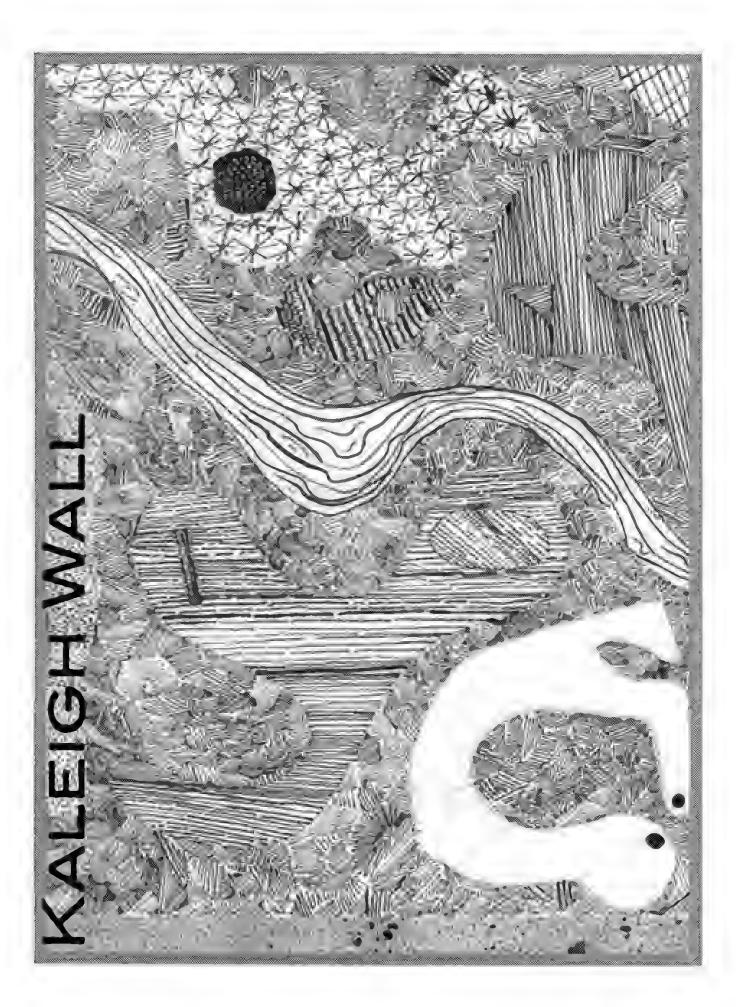
I am cursed with dreams of almost wonderful Things and almost imaginary places-Gently turning-closer and farther

I have knowledge-both true and talseThat runs past and through my eyesLike blood to runs to finger tips-and eager
Lover- latent-the application puzzles
And still my fingers-I create complex puzzles
And leave the tangled mess for others to interpretI will laugh for generations at their conclusions-





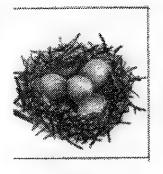


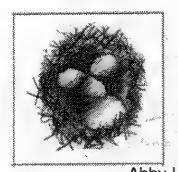


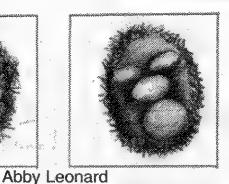
Allie Cat By Kylie Ryan

She was a furry as furry could be
She is playing with the dogs
She gets frequent bites from the others
She was friendly to her pals
When she comes running, the dogs start howling
Allie was as annoying as an auditorium fall of apes

Outside is the place she wants to be
She would often try to leave the house
For she was a cat without a mouse
The moral is that little kittles should calm down!
Here's to thee, Allie Cat
Medw!

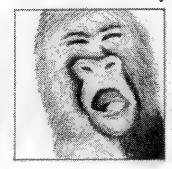


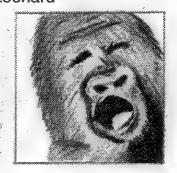














Johnny Goes to The Zoo

by Chris Henningson

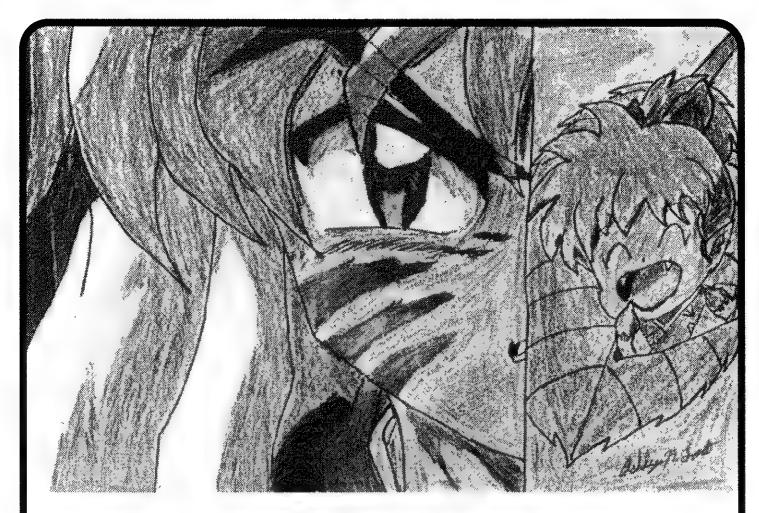
Jimmy's waiting for me now and I am pretty pumped I take my Barney lunch box in hand

As I start down the drive
The car horn shouts Jimmy's urgency
I would hurry to save the time
But I'd rather think about animals divine

The speedometer sits steady on 65
And I hope the engine should never fail
For I can't wait to get to the zoo
And grab a monkey's tail

The car suddenly strikes a hippo And I go flying through the air The lions start to gnaw on me And I don't really care

Going to the zoo is dangerous
Take your advice from me
I died and I'll pay for both of us
TO SEE THE MONKEYS



Stay Home by: Christa Schaub

Today I stole fifteen suckers,
I would have stayed home.
At the town bank
I discovered a game
That covered the chairs with stickiness.
The tellers were angels
With smiles of pearls
I should have stayed home.
The suckers lined each counter,
Tempting me! Taunting me, to take them.
What fun is there in behaving?
Like the smirk of a child who creates a brilliant plan.

I really should have stayed home.

Sneaking from counter to counter,
collecting the debts from all these years.
I unwrapped them first, and stuck them in my
mouth

Oh, the horrible games that children play I should have stayed home.

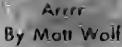
Hey, hey, hey, the candy is missing! Yummy candy should not be left out in the open,

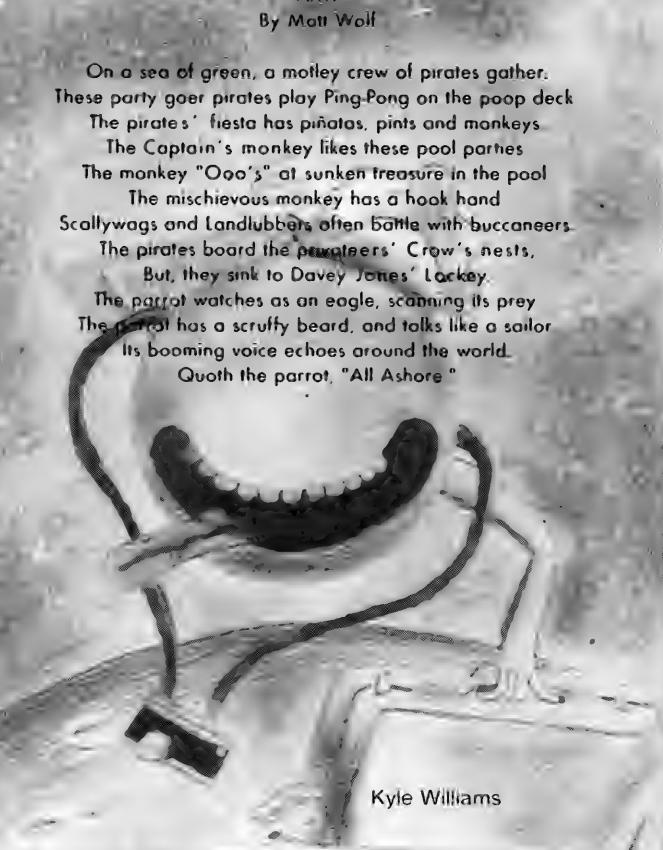
For then all the suckers disappear.

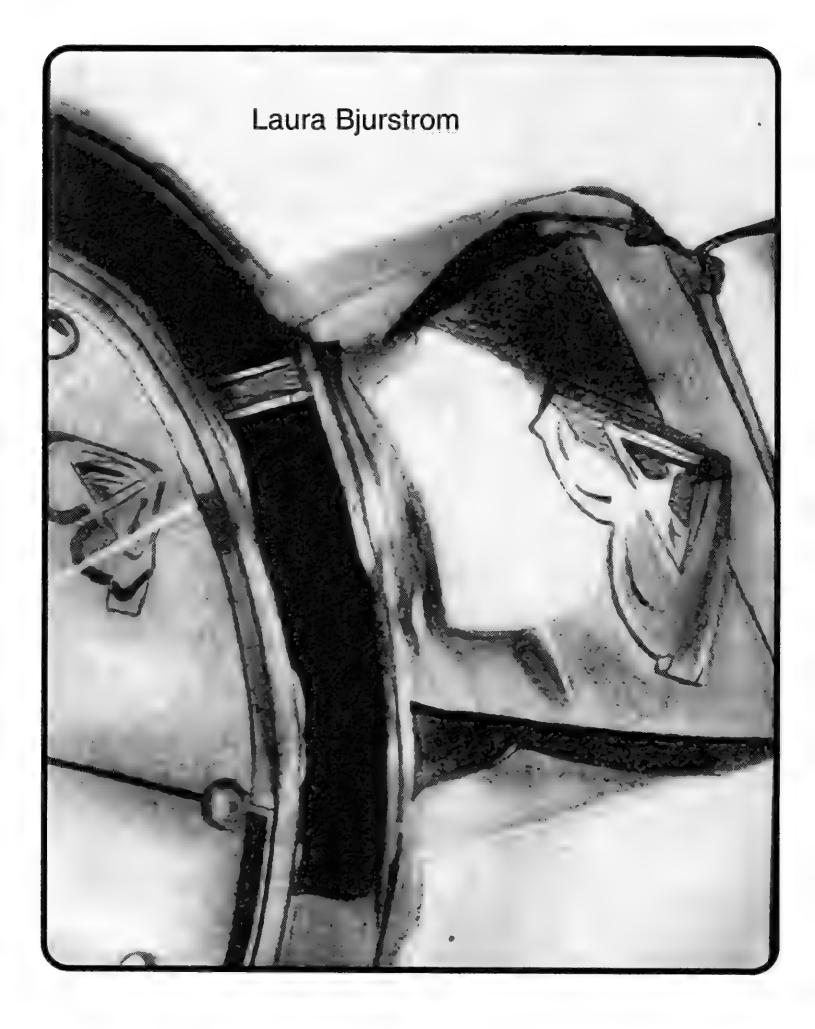
Hidden as a child in a game of hide-and-go seek

"And where did I hide them?" they ask
"I should have stayed home," I say, running out
the bank door

The president could not help but laugh And so keep out of banks, stay home out of trouble.







Untitled By Kevin Moore

This poem will be the new standard of excellence for years to come, even after we both kick the bucket.

The fancy terminology of the languages, they always keep me awake.

I'm being taught, even if it truly pains

French is a dying language, very close indeed.

Now it's killing the French, then it'll kill me!

Too bad I'm so horrible at doing any of my work.

I've got lots o' homework, but I'm weary and it's really late.

Maybe I should turn it in even though it's second rate.

A bozo made my pencil wrong
So I stabbed myself with my eraser
Maybe that guy done it while...

An action that hurts me so, can make me feel so dumb.

I'm being taught, even if it truly pains me.

And because of all this, you would almost think that I was...

Besides my pencil is horrendous and my mind is no better.

So, how can I create a poem for my own sake?

Throughout my life, I've heard some pretty weird things.

Once I heard a little man say, "I'm truly sorry, for I piddled on your head, but for why did you spend your time below me?

So. I later asked some guy, because I never quite knew, whom this odd man peed on.

Before this limet an even more odd man, the oddest that ever went to school.

He even once said: "I may be a pot of tea, but thou art a smelly fart."

And, "There ain't nut'in I don't know, and the nut'n I don't know ain't nut'n no one got no need to not know at all."

I'm so happy this poem is done!
I've waited and waited for this moment,
as I'm sure have you readers.

But ta-ta for now...and goodbye, for I must start running before an angry mob puts me on a feeder.

Spark of an Empire By Courtney Avercamp

I'll conquer the humans with licking fire,
And Hell shall be my muse.
I take my hands, engulfed in flame
To give them fear, to kill, to maim.

Burn their lungs to cut labored breath With the blazing fires of Victory and Death. Smoke drifting lazily across the gale, And those bovine eyes turn gray and pale.

Then cold, dead, are the bodies
Of those nasty, human things.
My demons sound a yell into the night,
Joining my shout of triumphant might.

A spark to always be remembered; My reign began with just one ember. The world was their funeral pyre, A flickering end of seizing fire.

Untitled on Video Games

by Cirstie Noble

This is how you make a character for Everguest; this is how you give them a good name, don't give them a bad one; this is how to avoid getting killed by a level twenty-five monster, they like newbies you know; this is how to haggle for armor, this is how to learn a spell; yes, the sharks will eat you; no, you can't swim fast enough to get away. This is how to do good deeds in Fable; you must give your sister a present; this is how you get your combat multiplier up; this is how you disquise yourself as a bandit; this is how to keep your apprentice outfit on, no, you mustn't flirt with townspeople. This is how to become an evil boy genius; don't cannibalize the faerie technology; this is how you avoid making a sandwich look like an explosion on a plate; this is how you dodge a faerie Recon squad; this is how you steal gold, you must give half of the gold back; this is how to employ a butler; and this is how to save your father from the mafia. This is how to get on your teacher's good side; getting into a magic school is luck; this is how to fall off your broom and break an arm; don't let a teacher magic the bones away; don't barf up any slugs, this is how to slap a snobby blond: this is how to make an arch enemy; and don't break your wand so it backfires. This is how to escape from HOLY: this is how to control your alter: try not to get an inferiority complex; getting an alter is luck; and always pack your game underwear; this is how to hide things from your subordinates; don't speak too fast; and try not to lose your memory. This is how to pass your alchemy exam; this is how to fuse your child and dog; avoid crazy butchers; don't mix fire and metal; no human alchemy is allowed; don't be a puppet for a homunculus; don't be a dog of the military; and this is how you change your body into carbon substance. This is how to be a good friend; this is how to fall in love with a romance writer; this is how to sing; don't have a sage personality and a backstage personality; this is how to glomp a bunny; this is how to be a sixteen year old monk; don't be a homicidal sinth player; and this is how to ignore pink haired people.

This is how to be a drinking, smoking, gambling priest; this is how to hide your emotions in smiles: don't cheat at cards; this is how to make fun of kappa; don't mess with the monkey; this is how to mix science and yukai magic; and don't be a mamma's boy. This is how to play duel monsters: there is no 'heart of the cards'; this is how to run a large corporation; this is how to steal souls: don't get caught in the shadow real; and beware of Exodia. This is how to draw a sword; this is to slam a boy to the floor; resist all temptation; don't shatter any jewels; this is how to kill demons; don't fall in wells; this is how to be a wolf demon; this is how to be evil and always escape; never fight with the band of seven; and avoid making your sword look like a purple Popsicle, it's not cool no matter how many people you kill. This is how to create a flower maiden; and this is how to chase her; never show your true wolf form, or you will get caught; this is how to swipe hotdogs; always be optimistic: no matter how many of your friends are killed. This is how to be a proper samural; don't get into trouble; this is how to cook octopus; stay honorable; don't listen to ronin warriors; and don't eat too much this is how to pass your ninja exam; no need for the sexy jutsu; the shadow clone jutsu is powerful, but the escape jutsu is useful too; and having a large forehead is okay.

I vaguely recall a dull fourth of July where,
A knight so old who was
Drunk with ignorance and pride,
Lifted his singing and dancing sword in hand but
Was hit by a firework that felt from the sky!
He received third degree burns as the firework blew.
His skin bubbled red and his tongue burned to a crisp.
To the ground fell his body.

He thought, "Will I die without a second chance?"
A bell tolled overhead, the angel of death appeared with scythe raised in hand.

The figure tooked at the blazing and burning body of the old fool. Amazingly, the old warrior sprang up, lifted his sword, And charged at It without fear.

Swinging his sword at the creature...he missed and fell flat on his face.

tle never did fight well nor gallantly, the poor old fool.

Untitled

The wall-like trees blocking them in, Man and beast fought, man for food, dragon for survival.

Man, his sharp sword held high, Glittering in the soft sunset, defending him to the very end.

Beast, a wine-red dragon, Fangs harder than diamonds, sharper than frost's bite.

"You do not wish to eat me," reasons the dragon,

"I am far too spicy. And I need salt." He continues, voice like honey.

The man's stomach, empty for far too long, does not listen.

The growing shadows beckoned for the man to join them,

"Come play with us. We are ever so lonely. Come play with us. We'll have forever to play."

Wind whistles through the tree-gaps,
Tugging playfully at dragon's wings.
"Come fly with me. It would be delightful.
"Come fly with me. We never have to stop."
Both shadows and breeze ignored,
The fight continues on.

Screaming through the air, sword meets claw, Fang meets dagger, glare meets glare.
Man's eyes, ice-blue, cold, determined.
Dragon's stare unforgiving, indignant, and furyred.

The already weakening man jumps on Dragon's back in pure desperation.

"Why eat me? There are far more sweet meats than me."

The dragon distracts, rolling on his back to dislodge his sudden passenger.

"I am so empty. Dragon-meat is filling."
Retorts the human, gasping for breath.
"And if I eat a dragon, legend has it I become immortal."

"You are far less intelligent than you look. Legends are not always true." "This one has to be. It must be!"
Pants the panic-stricken knight.
The feline lizard chuckles malevolently.

"I'm afraid you were lied to, my dear, brave knight."

The knight, still in denial, looses a savage war cry,

And tries beheading the object of his rage.

The dragon's full, pent-up fury is unleashed, Cat-like, dragon coughs up its furball of fire.

The man screams like a banshee, flaming like a log in a fireplace,

Crackling merrily, save for the screams of agony. The dragon smirks triumphantly, vampiricly as his adversary's life fades away, Like the embers of a fire fade.

The man's vision fades to black, then clears to white

A circular room, all padded in rubber, surrounds

A small window, barred, sits up beyond reach, Bloodred sky streams through, as do the forgotten shadows who have followed to have their fun.

He remembers where he is, and begins to throw his straitjacketed form against the insulated walls,

Screaming to be let out, lest the dragon kills him, to save him.

Kristin Watkins

Demeer Arpy



A Play on Time: The Cold War By Luke Verhorevoort

Across the distance of the years, I am scared with the plague of war.

Men being forced into a war of power, Being bombarded by ruthless brutes.

The buzzing of bullets sitting still in the air, Time stops on a dime, when faced with your final resting place.

The deafening silence rings throughout the mind, With battered bodies stacked miles high,

It won't be long 'til you see a shrink, One look in my eye and you will understand, Not everyone makes it out alive.

There! The smoking guns before us, one here two there

Flashing like the cameras at a Super Bowl game.

They stumble off the uncanny train, Shrouded with rumors from ghosts.

I remember the village that lay in ruins, For here, where a city falls, a hero rises.

The Final Stand Zach Pake

When I ponder how my life is spent, I remember it's spent in a crowded tent. Life, to make sure, is not a lot to lose. Only if you're sitting next to a barrel of stolen booze. Boom! Boom! Bang! - Clack! Rack! Wack! So when death comes for me, he better watch his back. Unarmed men in quille suits lie in the brush. My colonel turns his head and says to "hush". There on the hilltop, he stumbled and spotted them. They saw us, shot, and then ran down the side. There were no rules for them to abide By, as they shot shells high above the shimmerin sky, We could cut through the enemy line, and dominate there on. But when there are battering 50mms and constant fire. It tends to make us wary and tire, There it is, the most powerful of all guns preferred. The grey muzzle tipped carbine and staggering want Will soon cause death and serious pain. Numerous rain drops and snowflakes drizzle upon our face. I remember on the beach when they ran at an uneven pace. So I closed my eyes, fired, and issued An assault, as if a bullet was ripping, ripping through his abdomen tissue I saw dead corpses, millions of them lying, We cheered even though their loved ones crying, No more firing or noise, just a warm-welcomed chopper roar And the unforgetting screams of 4,000 soldiers for FREEDOM!

THE SOUL BY KAT WILLIAMS

LIFE GIVES A MINIMAL SOUL,
ONLY TWENTY TWO GRAMS AND FALLS DOWN THE
HOLE.

A SOUL CANNOT HOLD A GRUDGE,
BUT ALL SOULS WILL BE TUDGED.
LOVE, THAT BINDS SOUL AND MIND,
NO SOUL CAN BETIMED.

THE MAN EXPRESSED HIS MIND AND FINALLY TURNED WISE

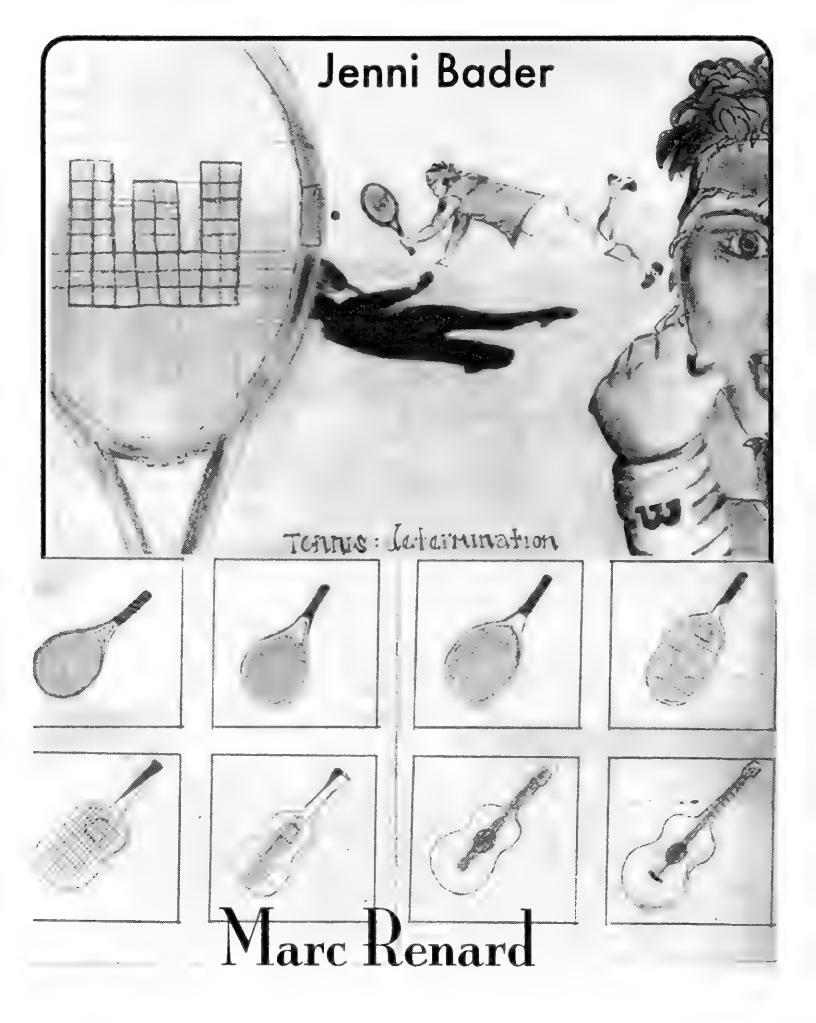
AND

OLD.

HIS MIND WAS MULTIPLIED BY OTHER SOUTS
SOUTS OVER FLOW THE LAND OF THE MEEK,
THESE SOUTS ARE EVERYONE'S KEEP
THE LONGOME SOUT WITHOUT A MATE,
SOMEONE HELP HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE
SEVENTY-SEVEN SOUTS SPIN SWIFTLY SOUTH,
YOU WILL SEE THEM WITHOUT A DOUBT,
WAVES AND WAVES OF SOUTS,
THIS IS ALL HE HAS BEEN TOLD.
SOUTS FORM A UNIQUE BIND,
TO FRIENDSHIPS CANNOT BE TIMED

The Fugitive by Jordan Porter

Where yelling prisoners and crazy killers dwell, Most are insane and most so closely so, The fugitive, with eyes filled of fear, Filled with thoughts of freedom, A stranger running from himself, His crime, his worst regret, He moves with silence eve fleeing, Through the night as dark as black, While he ran, almost sprinting, upon him came a pursuer, Through the fields green and alive, Near the cottage that is found on a mountain, Many bullets flying through the air, Large drops of crimson red blood, Before he could continue, he began to fall, The fugitive forever fleeing, forever fighting, For freedom. For justice, For revenge.



Lacrosse by: Kyley Fentress

While he wondered, weak and query, once upon a lacrosse game dreary

As once the lacrosse sticks lay on the floor

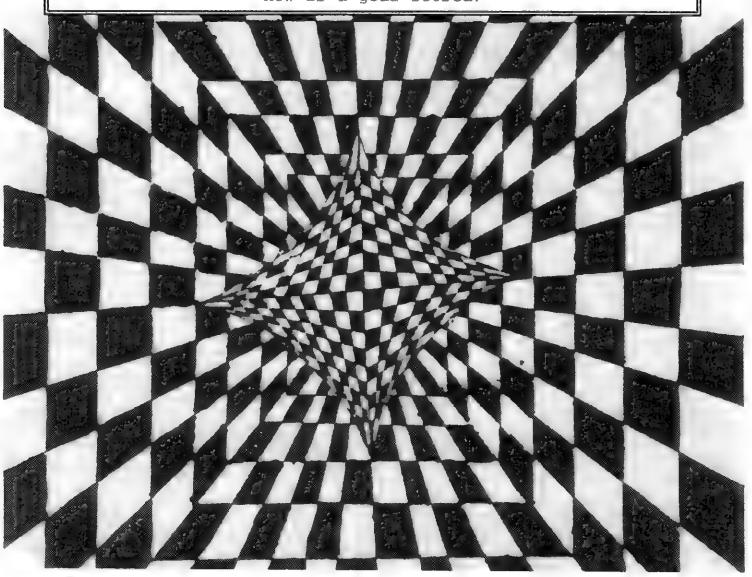
But finally he scored on the goal

For the fighting forwards fathomlessly, scoring in the rink

Yelling Britannia rules on the brink!

What, an arbor crown as big as a trophy for the winners of the game?

And for the losers, silver- for the winners a gold arbor crown
Small Hawaiian lacrosse players laying in the bag
Ol' scorer kep' a-shootin, an' a-blockin, an' a-stealin';
The wingman's a dork while laying on the court
The goals have grown shallow like the oceans
Beasts of the field flaunt their freedom
The shakes come to the rookies who can fear no more
How is a goal scored?



GOLD BY: MARSHALL PHARES

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY
BLESSED WITH DREAMS OF GOLD
REAL GOLDEN DREAMS
DREAMS OF RUNNING

BLESSED WITH DREAMS OF GOLD
I RUN FOR GLORY
I RUN FOR GOLD
I SUFFER FOR GOLD

BLESSED WITH DREAMS OF GOLD AMIDST COMPETITORS, I RUN ALONE NOBODY WILL BEAT ME NOTHING CAN STOP ME

BLESSED WITH DREAMS OF GOLD
MY MIND CONTROLLING LUNGS AND LEGS
MY MIND FIGHTING FATIGUE
I FIND FAITH TO RUN FASTER

BLESSED WITH DREAMS OF GOLD VICTORY CAN BE HEARD THE CROWD SPEAKS NOT A WORD OF MY BLESSED DREAMS OF GOLD



Jessica Zeimet

THE GAME BY: LULES WILSON

THE FAILS SEE THE WALE
CHALK WHICH LINES TH
SURROUNDING OF THE B
PATHS
BLADES OF GRASS ARE
BLOWN AROUND THE FIELDS

THE COACHES TOLD THE TEAM THE IMPORTANCE OF THE GAME.

THEY WALKED ON THE FIELD WITH NEITHER APPRECIATION NOR FAULT.

THEY RUN, THEY CATCH, THEY
SWING

WARM UPS, THE UNIFORMS GET DIRTY AS THE TEAM PLAYS CATCH:

THOUGHTS OF THE GAME ARE
TVIOCHT IN EVERY PLAYER'S
HUND,

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE GAME.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE GAME IS

EVIDENT TO EVERYONE

THE FIELD FLASHES WITH BRIGHT

LIGHTS,

THEY THE HELD

THE BALL IN THE TOTAL TO THE LATE OF THE LATE OF THE LATE OF THE LATE OF THE STADILLY SEATS.

THE REST IS A MEMORY THAT
WILL NEVER OF FORGOTTEN



The Dead

Behold the Dark Knights Our god is in the past We ride eternally damned The ears of fallen enemies dangle from cords around our walsy Hand on the sword at all times Riding the mammaths out of the sea On the weakening libs of the mounts We ride over mooning men Take the life of many souls Death is as simple as a kitten But the scars we yield forever Death posts no phase Where the screams can be heard Hate me Pagan Prince I spot the kingdom Our mounts stride As we eye the beheaded Strung on the gates "Draw our blades," shouts the elder, "Defend yourself!" The blade slowly pierces through the chain male I the dark warrier slein in his enemy's territory Right in your own courtyard Pagan Prince Fading deeper

> Deeper Black

Death

Amanda Nandy



A Changing Chance By Danielle Blocker

The helpless wait sitting in the city street Hoping for a rich executive to take notice like a drunk notices another beer; suddenly and abruptly.

He watches all the people move.

There they go with places to be.

He watches, wondering what they have done and how they did it.

A lonely man consists of no magnificence yet he waits to be told he does.

Society's dark eyes see narrow with no room for him.

The needy men on the street curbs know hunger, pain, and heartache,

But most of all they know who caused it. They believe H is for the hungry hopelessness each new day breathes upon them. All the men, women, and children just trying to get by

With just a few ragged hopes, no worries, no more,

They've got it all under control.

When the trash can provides jumbo shrimp it feeds not one soul,

And the silhouettes of better days are getting fuzzier.

But someday the blind will see and the deaf will hear.

A passerby giving out a chance will teach a stranger to dance.

This feeling for a chance grows larger.

The candle is almost out but it burns long enough for those

Who wear their souls full of hope.



Break Free : By John Dunn

Is this the place where everyone is happy?

Is there such a place?
I used to know a place like this
Where I would play it smooth
But now that is gone, a far away
memory

For they accuse me of livin' too fast and too free

Because I refuse to stop for death I cannot accept such a fate Will I fade into no one?

Do you think of me as a slave?

That is what I would like to know!

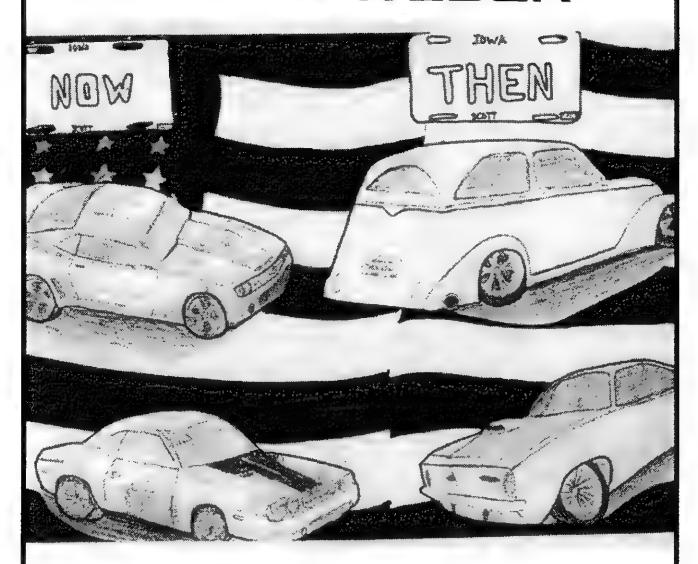
No, I am a dreamer, a thinker, a believer

Far more than the label you intend to put on me

I will be the greatest, if I only try
I will go to the place where everyone is
happy

If you are a dreamer, come too
If you are a thinker, come too
If you are a believer, come too
Let's go live in this place!
For if you do not come,
I am afraid I might lose you

JUSTIN WEBER



Enjoying the Journey of Life By: Alexa Ashcraft

Describe Life...
Life is a sign that's heaven sent.
You started Life- You never stop living it.
A light always guides Life.
You fly on a magic carpet through Life.
The most exciting thing you've ever done is live Life.
Do something crazy in Life to be remembered.
No one ever polishes up Life; it just becomes clearer.
At all the right times Life comes together.

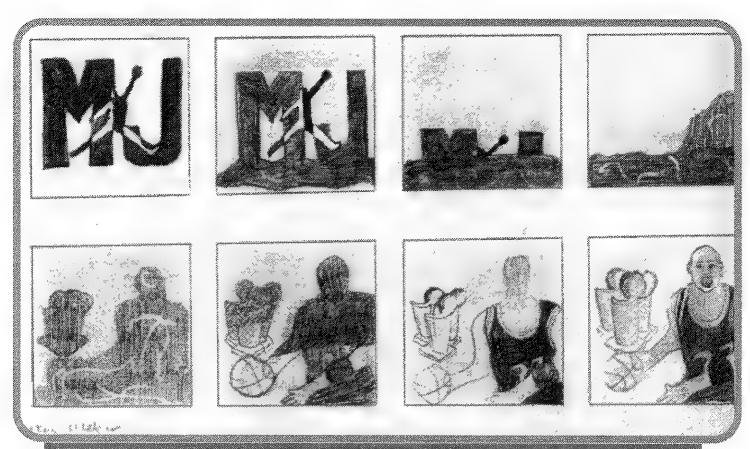
A friend helps you enjoy life. Love someone who always lives through Life. You should always hug life and people in it. You sing and play through a Life of whatever and whoever.

Oh, how great dreamin' and thinkin' about Life is.

We're like curious children with so much to ask about Life.

You can afford Life in the simplest ways.
Running from Life is ridiculous.
You will always think through the journey of Life.

Justin Weber



Goals By Matt Brodersen

Those who labor ever so hard to reach their goals

While time after time they fail

While others beat the struggle of their goal

They realize that they're out of a hole

Halfway through my main goal

Give me strength for each try

People will try to put you down

ffected by such discouragement? Has it been above

Are you not affected by such discouragement? Has it been abandon from your mind?

Harsh words like a buzzing bee's sting can hurt me
People are telling you something, but you shouldn't listen
Don't rest for even a second, for failure is waiting for you
A little labor will lead you
Some people will try to help you
You should take their precious advice

By Mike O'brien



You Can Learn Ali Grolmus

Doit look like you are trying too hard on the first avoid looking sloppy; both extremes are bad ones for mustit walk into the building thinking you can handle tions that hie ahead, that will give the impression of Been there and done that, and you have there or you have; this is how to approach your first day with fidence to not be scared of every feasible predicament steer clear of the "who cares, what's the worst that coing like this will cause a series of events that will be happened, this is how to prevent upperclassmen from phow to handle unwanted at tention; this is how to receptating you hear is true not private, or magnificent the gossip might be; you must handle unwanted in a way that reflects confidence is how to handle yourself if a few people cut you, if me reflecting too much confidence and cut ting is their will indicated you are portraying; this is how to respond when reflecting too much confidence and cut ting is their will image you are portraying; this is how to respond when the tidiculous, you can have your opinions about people, be feel sophisticated enough to express them publicly; to tion during class; this is how to raise your hand and in never be afraid to portray an educated image; after a never be afraid to portray an educated image; after a the reason you came is to learn. Dott look like you are trying too hard on the first day of high school, but avoid looking sloppy both extremes are bad ones for a freshman to portray. You mustit walk into the building thinking you can handle all of the awkward situa tions that lie ahead, that will give the impression of a stuck up freshman who has been there and done that, and you have it been there or Lone that so do it act as if you have this is how to approach your first day with an adequate amount of con fidence to not be scared of every feasible predicament you may face this is how to steer clear of the "who cares, what's the worst that could happen", at titude, thinking like this will cause a series of events that will be the worst that could've happened, this is how to prevent upperclassmen from pushing you around this is how to handle unwanted at tentions this is how to receive a compliment without portraying a snobbish image: this is how to give a compliment; this is how to remind yourself that not everything you hear is true no matter how juicy, inappropriate, or magnificent the gossip might be you must not fight for your spot in the Lunch line, instead stand in a way that reflects confidence (but not too much); this is how to handle yourself if a few people cut you, if many people cut, you could be reflecting too much confidence and cutting is their way of reacting to the haughty image you are portraying; this is how to respond when you someone who looks ridiculous, you can have your opinions about people, but don't let people think you feel sophisticated enough to express them publicly this is how to answer a question during class: this is how to raise your hand and not be afraid. You should never be afraid to portray an educated image after all, you are in a school, and

Truth

By Christina Bellin

She is his world...

nothing else matters

The boy deserves happiness, but chance after chance she consistently breaks his heart He refuses to face reality;

Always hiding from his emotion ad pretending nothing is wrong

Hiding is no longer an option

He has nobody left to trust

He feels helpless

He breaks down inside:

His faith, his promise, his trust-all gone.

His desire to forgive was destroyed by her careless heart.

He feels as if he is not worth the truth.

He cannot face the world alone, but she has left him no choice.

He realizes life is not about others,

It is about loving you for you.

He is finally content with who he is.

He has found the truth inside himself.

My Broken Heart By Chelsea Creedon

I once knew that you loved me
I don't know the reason why you no longer love me
I should have thought twice about your love
I would have gotten so much farther

It breaks my heart to hear your secrets and lies

My heart now cries

Because I have been forgotten;

Because you no longer love me

I loved you with my whole heart and you broke it
I long to forget that first kiss we shared
I cry when I think back to all the times when you still cared
| wish you still loved me

These days are so sad and lonely
Was I not good enough for you?
Sadly, heart breaking, I stand here waiting for you to say
you
Love me again.
Is this truly the end of your love for me?

Light of Love By Chantel J. Heidgerken

Sharply words shape each life with love from one to another. Love can be found anywhere, from careless minds, To old wistful souls.

Love be not frightening, though some have called it Wrong and painful for art not so.

Love flows through our veins like a wild sea that flows Throughout the world.

Anniversary.

We knowing no rule but hate, in our crude world will feel Nothing more, though our hearts beat sweet beats of love, To shade away hate with one bitty shove.

Love is a happy feeling brought to a person's life, it can come In many forms from a new born baby, to a twentieth wedding

All love is beautiful, and is spread across the world like a patch Of wild flowers in a green meadow.

Love is found deep in the soul, we feel love everyday, love is alive,

It lives and breathes within each and every human being put upon this

Earth.

Love is like that falling star that you long to catch a glimpse Of, that one twinkle of beauty for one second of your life.

So go on and find your falling star, that light of love, as it falls into Your hands, and hold it for eternal life.

Authorized Poets Only By Hannah Kerling

A man shot in the train yard, Where the bloody scene was, Your poor body, drip-dropping with blood.

You are still as I sit beside you, I loved you with my heart, And I shall love you even more after death.

Where true love hides,
I do not know,
For death is love's one opponent,
Gone is the man of my life,
Good-bye my love.

Can it really be you?

Let me see you.

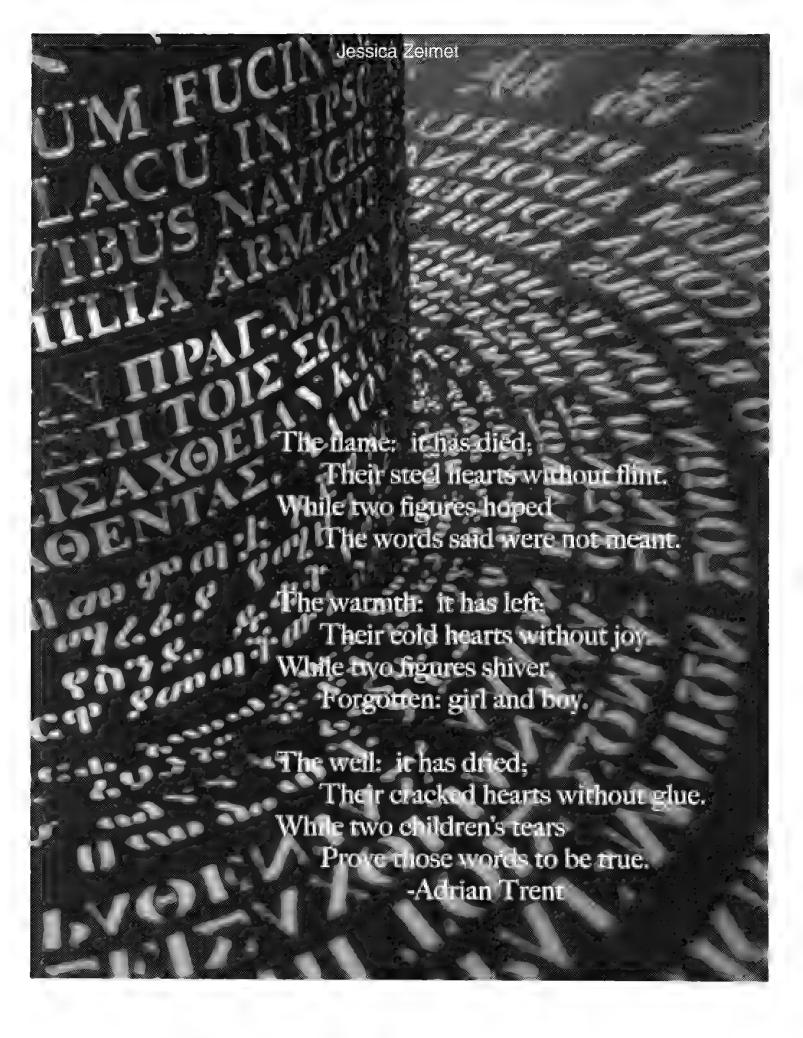
How?

There was no more room in heaven for my love.

With this, I embrace your body, Delighting in your return, You came back to me, my love.

Our love was able to defeat, The murderer, the destroyer of your life, No enemy will ever stand in The pathway of our love again.





Kami Snowden



The girl is far from plain

By Baily Higby

This beautiful girl is far from plain She is bubbly and zealous and loveable and fun She fills his life with beauty, joy and gracefulness He makes her laugh and love and let go of all her vorry

The believes in him and provides him with all the happiness he seeks

he beautiful girl is far from plain

lis love stricken heart can feel That it is not the reason that she makes him happy or unhappy

t's the way he feels every time he sees her This beautiful girl is far from plain

le rejoices at the sound of her voice ler trust in him sings its praise to their vlossoming relationship Her love shines through to his heart
Now is his time to confess his love
This beautiful girl is far from plain
Her imperfections are his paradise
His simple truth proves his undying love for her
Her eyes glisten with pleasure like stars wearing
their sparkling belts

And the glorified, rose-lined path of love awakens their hearts to passion
The beautiful girl is far from plain

Smiles and humor bring them closer and closer After all the pitiless and boring years of his past She has completed the whole of him Their bond to each other never to be forgotten This beautiful girl is far from plain



Risks of Love By Sarah Glunz

Love starts with a smile and hello, then grows with a kiss, Love is never easy, but always a challenge, It□s best to love like it is never going to hurt, Love has the risk of being let down.

The memories made in a short time will last forever,
Love someone with all your heart and it will possibly be broken,
But give love a chance and it will heal all your pain.

Don't feel sorry for being hurt, for there is always reason for pain.
I chose to love you, it just happened.

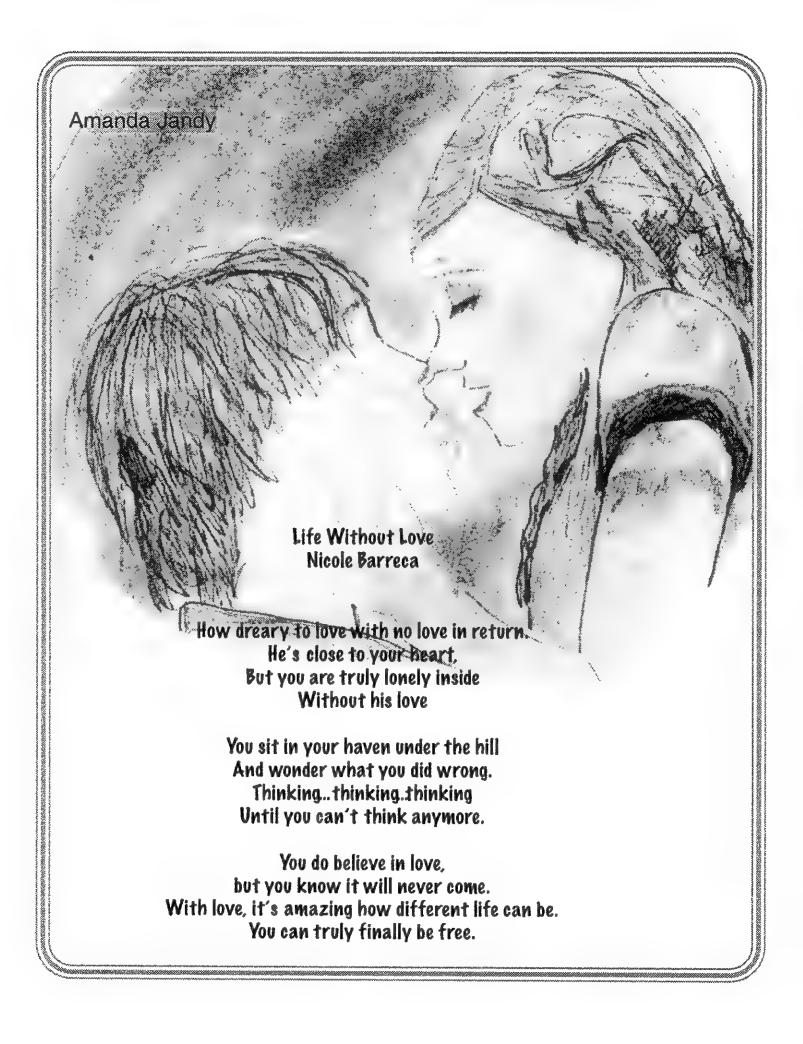
At times it is better to remain silent, than to say hurtful things,

The virtue of patience during ander brings days on happiness to the future.

Love in the heart is the driver of a car, it takes control.

I loved you with all my heart, but now I am alone Missing you this much shows how much I cared, I will never expose my heart? I desperately try to hold onto the broken pieces.

Alle, widthing to the ear, but a pagger to the heart It would be nice if love were perfect, but then How would we learn from mistakes?



Sara Schreck



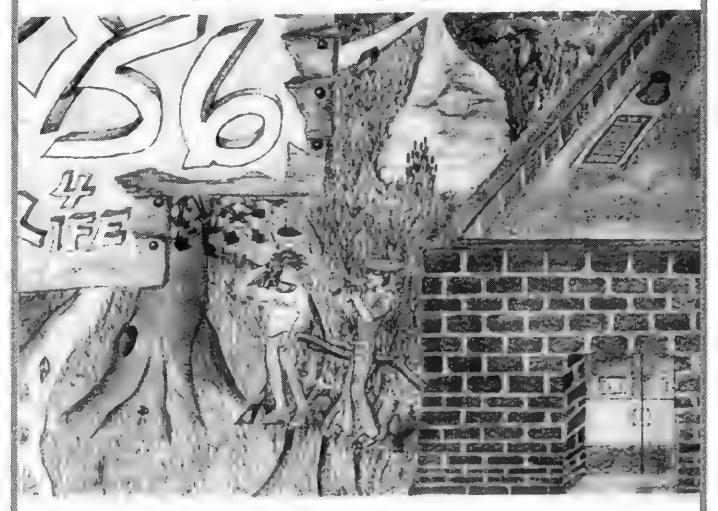
No Longer Lost By Brianna Nielsen

Will today ever be seen?
Feeling hope diminish
Pity dwells in stillness
Swear to maintain tranquility
No longer lost?

Will value come upon us? In every direction flowing Frightened flowers flowing Glory never seen by humble No long lost!

Why love with live death?
Yet hearts running, running
together still!
A heart torn into true love
Making an idol of fear
No longer lost...

Jeff Enslow



III Gotten Dream By Shilow Grywacheski

He deludes the dreams

To the blind soul.

And the creative eyes see chaos.

Down the obscuring path

Where emotions drown from what my heart rejects.

I hate with love but my grief is my hate.

His dream is inferior and almost similar

To the cascade of thy infatuations.

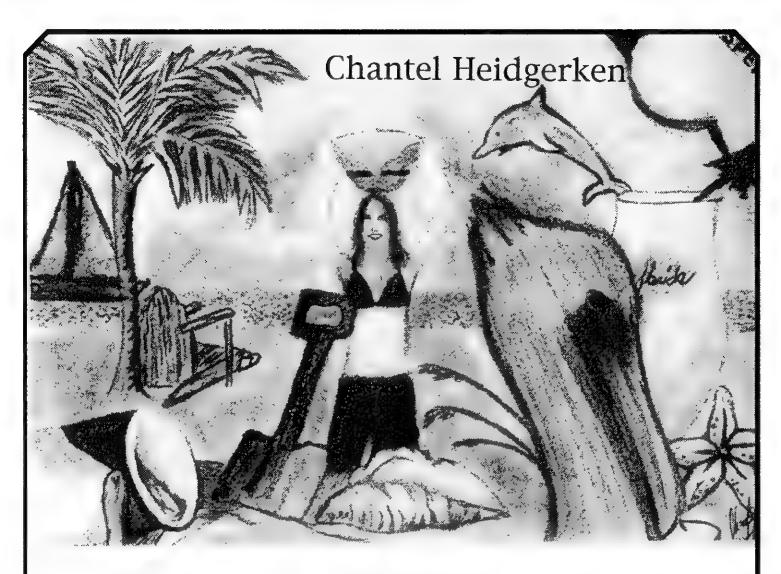
And my animosity has been grounded on his aspirations.

My refusal to his dream

Is but a cluttering ring of my broad imagination.

But can I love with hate?

This is always as mysterious as his dream.



Bittersweet
By Walt Gooknight

They've traveled from heaven, over the placid lakes

Seeping into the dull, deranged, and depressed world, compelling few Even though the hope never forsakes the hopeless

A silent repeat of history

Anger, hate, and pain, limbs of an unforgiving world

While we wonder what the dead aiready know

How we should share the love of our own mortality

Sleeping silent of love, only evoking more pain

Our only life, yet so little we see Smiling in the bitter truth that love doesn't last Why wonder about the broken hearted?
The lover's fear to lose, what I've never had
The pain and heartache of the first love
But near my heart she will stay
For in learning to love, I've learned to hate
Learned in the sour truth of deceit
Few know, the secret that waits
But if love can't, what will?
As the summer breeze takes them higher
Bathed in light, alone and fragile
Lost in the futile and wasted years of youth
and wait

Over the one and only forgotten love I shall always carry her heart with me

Anna Wlese

LOVE EVERYTHING NOTHING LV - ITS TIN BAKER

The level is a more of I do not hide
It some her manages to seep inside
Let the exercise is something you must earn
The level is something you must earn

Spend everything on it, and do not count the cost But know that in the end, your heart may be lost

Foolishness comes from a lamited temptation to not let it overpower you leading to aggravation Give everything you have, and everything you are Find the crystals of love, as you look to the some

People will as questions, and let you want to do But do not at them affect you always stay true Expose yourself, don't be afraid of who you are the file to the fullest and you will go far

Do not feet obligated, to answer to their call Following others, will be your downfall As your soul reaches, for ideal grace Know it is love is something everyone must face

Love can be a stubborn thing
Times of its a stubborn thing
It may be rewarded, just follow your beart and try
Though point may soon follow be strong, don't cry

Try to face yourself, or at the very last keep going ad your unheard cause, through the sleeting and the anowing As you learn to live and love, through your many years Let all of those around you drink our silent tears

Those important to you hold their memories dear Through the good times and the bad, overcome your fear Do not lose the fairy tale ending of your youth Be extraordinary, make your dream the truth Two lovers walk hand in hand.

To prove that romance is still possible in a heartless world.

Because life ion't always a walk in the rain.

We used to be in such a hurry to live all at once.

These were supposed to be the best years of our lives.

Friends are supposed to be there through thick and thin.

They're like flowers, take your time and choose wisely.

Then their love will burn bright as a crimson flame.

If you are a listener, open the door and join me.

I am now lonely without you, Cord. You weren't here long enough. Guess you really are gone.

He had cast himself front and center. I told him that he was amazing and he laughed, like I was joking.

I can still hear the echo of his laughter.

I knew before that we were right together. I just wanted to be with you.

Your kiss is what I longed for.

Cord by Jami Marten

He's still my biggest fan you know.

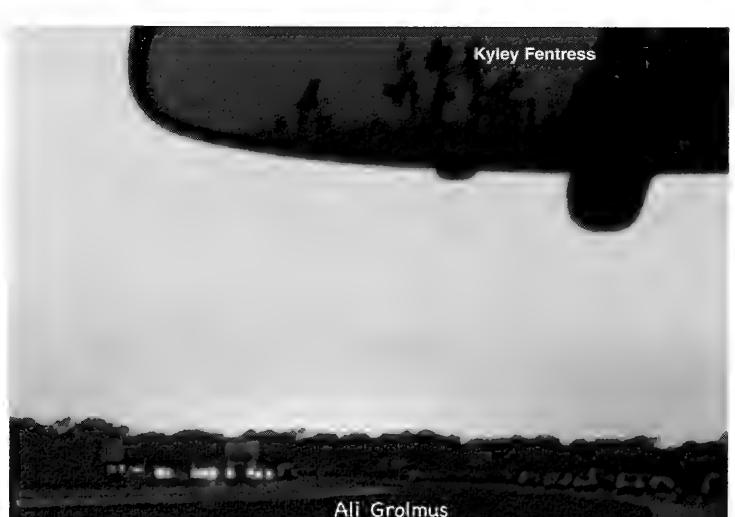
I still half expect to see him waiting for me after my run.

I just wanted to be with you.

But the weeping eyes of my brother are the saddest of all.

I could have waited longer for the sad, final farewell.

But, please, walk softly as you go.



I am always what I am
Though I may speak foolishly with flaws
I won't part of society filled with the fickle
Don't let me be part of the ongoing trails of the faltering
When my time comes, let me be pleased
Inform me on the condition of my being
Your vision as meaningful as life
When my time comes, let me be pleased
I will be content with what I'll have and I will want no more
I will look back on my life and I will do it with pride
How dreadful it to pass as no one
I am always what I am
And I will be someone

Stream of Conscious by: Adam Schelin

Wake up at six, turn on the lights; eat breakfast, don't eat too much; shower quickly, put on clean clothes; drive to school, safely; pay attention in school, do your homework the night it is assigned; go to your extracurricular activities, ones that colleges will like; speaking of colleges it's never too early to be thinking of what you want to do; make time for your friends, while leaving time for your family; make friends with people you enjoy, not who people want you to enjoy; make dinner once in a while to give your parents a break, make it something comforting; do not gossip, but know what's going on in your life around you; does Ryan even like her? Be active, you will feel better; read as much as you can, keep your mind mentally sharp; focus on the details, while getting the big picture; enjoy time spent with loved ones, keep them near your heart; do not judge, do not have vengeance; be friendly to everyone, you never know when they can turn around and help you; listen more than you speak, the more you listen the more you know; date with intentions, not just to date; be sincere, while being truthful; enjoy your life you can only live once, do not wish your life away, I know your sixteenth birthday is still two months away; be optimistic, be thankful for your opportunities; help others with their problems, be rewarded with a feeling not a physical gift; if you feel sad or frustrated make someone else's day, you're at least making the world better for you in the future; do not do, if you do not feel it is right in the first place; be honest, and be a teenager.



The Extra Girl by: Kate Gutheil

No one seems to see

What s behind my eyes

As I mount the stage at show time

With judgmental eyes

Invisible behind blinding lights

Simply wishing

To be a spectator once more

but the costume dress makes me beautiful

If only for my fifteen seconds of fame

Then from the shadows of a nightmare

And the dawning of realization

Comes the rise and fall

In my heart of my Roman Empire

She exudes the aura of gladness and victory

As she flaunts him before her adoring audience

Her stinging stare illuminates my withering beauty

At this point

To die would be cheating death

Suddenly

Magnified by a second glance

Porcelain fingers

Laced on his arm

Are displaced with a shrug

From the darkest depths of the ocean

My heart blazes light

As it awakens from it protective slumber

Addy Dittmer



A Brief Sleeping Beauty By Hollie Butcher

Beneath the stars, she lies in wait,
This sleeping beauty knows cruel fate
From a palace in a place remote,
A sleep as deep as castie's moat

Up the stairwell, through the door.

He finds her there, kneels on the floor,

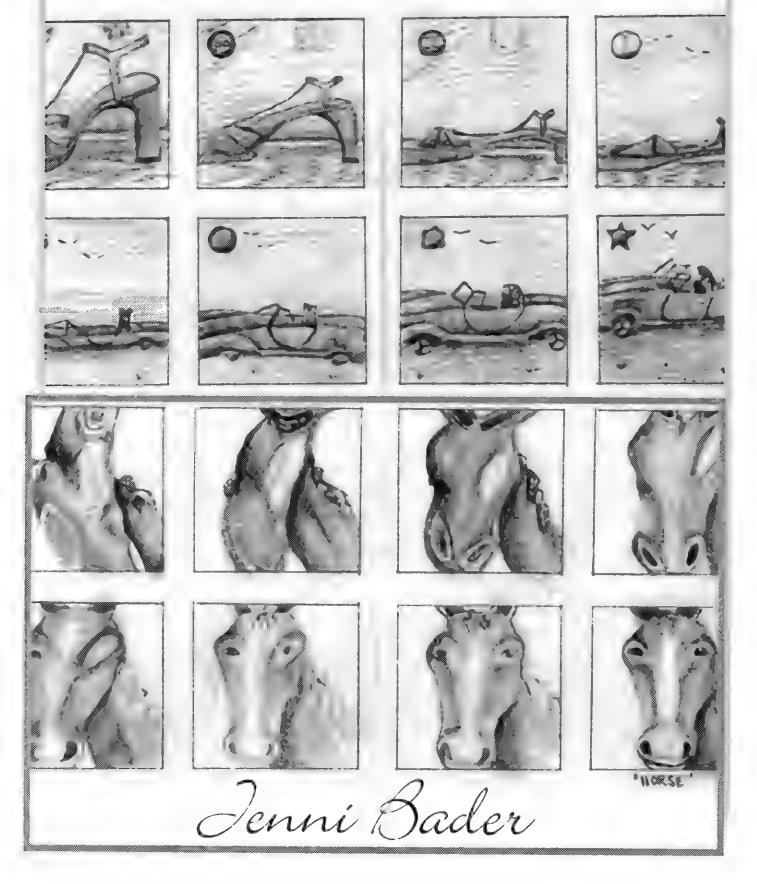
Prince Charming bears true-love's cares

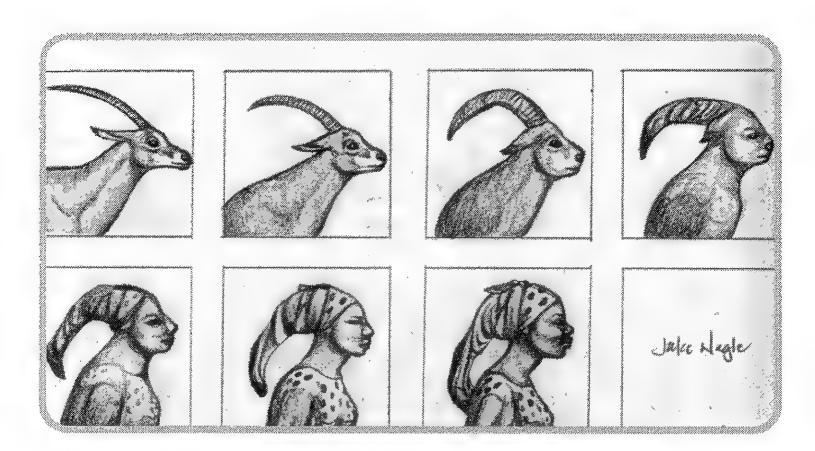
And she revives, as you could guess.

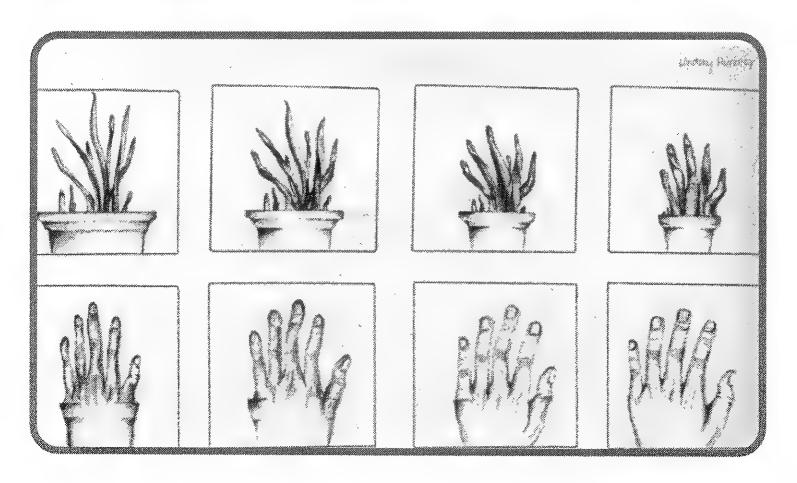
With spells a-broke, with all in mend.

Theirs is but a classic end.

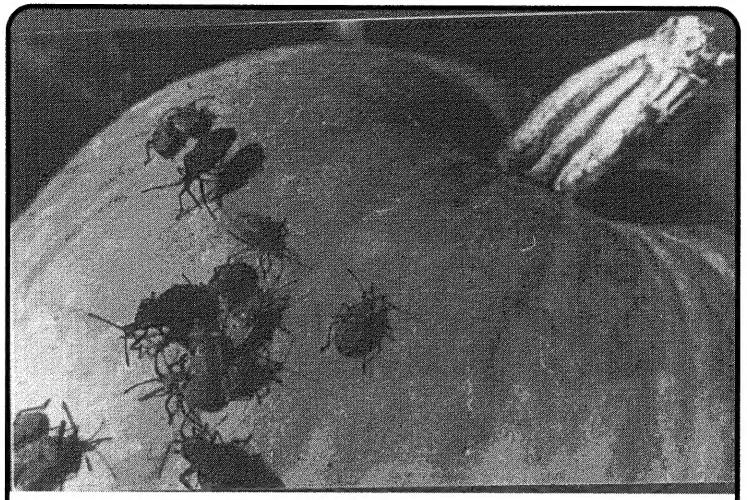
Kathy Mixdorf











MY GRIM REAPER, MY LOVE, MY DEATH AMANDA KUPRIS

Run, my legs, run, run
For I hear hooves that sound like thunder
Closer and closer they come
Rides my grim reaper

Closer and closer they come
And I catch a familiar scent
The scent of my love
A scent of my love
A scent that brings me comfort
And then I fall at the thought of my love

My grim reaper reaches me
And stopped to jump off the horse with its
scythe
Closer and closer my grim reaper came
And closer and closer the scent of my love grew

My grim reaper pulled its hood down
And it was my love!
I stared in bewilderment wondering why
"Why? Why do you do this to me?
All I ever did was comfort you, give you what
you want
And love you so much.
What did I do for you to hate me so?"

My love looks down on me with no expression, No emotion, and says with the voice I love "Love me." Down came the scythe with no second thought And time seems to slow As thoughts crossed my mind

And still the question why

The idea of wandering in a dreamer's heart,
So long the drums of this Empty letdown

keep beating

Shadows of gloom will divide us again

Anger against the diminishing dark
You scratch the standings of love
Challenge to be concealed

Desire awakens the naive hearts, Immature in love's false delicacies,

Camouflaged against empty love,

Plain and simple, unharmed by the World's desires

The soul has the seeming of denial

Heartless here until death overwhelms

McKenzie Wilson

Untitled By Patrick Swanson

Come to me in my dreams
Remember me when I'm gone
Stars and Streams were friends to us
A green wave in the sea of love
That gentle o'er a great sea
Knows its own path

Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate I know that surely we kissed and ate together Only the heart with love affair With faint stars glowing

While sands of life shall run
Blown long ago in some old garden
place
And a thousand fragment pieces
Use no more speech

JESSICA ZEIMEI